

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

AUGUST
No. 31

COMICS 10¢

EXTRA!
Blackhawk
meets
Captain Hilsu
and his
Suicide Squadron!



AL DRYANT

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BIKE-LOGY

108.92 MILES AN HOUR—ON MAY 7, 1941, ALFRED LETOURNEUR, RIDING BEHIND A FAST AUTOMOBILE, COVERED A MILE IN A FRACTION OVER 33 SECONDS, AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 108.92 MILES PER HOUR. A SPECIALLY-CONSTRUCTED WIND-BREAKING SHIELD HELPED LETOURNEUR IN TURNING IN HIS BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE.



THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL 6-DAY BIKE RACE WAS HELD IN THE OLD MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY IN 1891. THE INTREPID ANKLEERS OF THOSE DAYS DID THEIR RACING ATOP HOBBLY HIGH WHEEL BIKES, WHICH WAS SOMETHING OF A CYCLING FEAT IN ITSELF.



VOLENDAM, HOLLAND—IT FORMERLY WAS THE CUSTOM IN THIS QUIET DUTCH TOWN, AFTER A WEDDING CEREMONY, FOR THE BRIDE'S FATHER TO PRESENT THE GROOM WITH A BRAND-NEW BICYCLE AS A TOKEN OF HIS APPRECIATION.



THE MORROW' COASTER BRAKE HAS PLAYED A VITAL ROLE DURING ALMOST A HALF CENTURY OF BICYCLING HISTORY. WITH OUR ARMED FORCES IT HAS BEEN AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW". MAKE SURE THE NEW BICYCLE YOU'LL BE GETTING IS EQUIPPED WITH "MORROW'."



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

2 YEARS MORE OF BICYCLE KNOWLEDGE AND INFORMATION

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ARMY

 MY FIRST MILITARY
 ACTION AD LIBITUM
Feature **1**


BLACKHAWK

FLASHING DOWN FROM THE SKIES CAME THE MYSTERIOUS HAIL OF
 EXPLOSIVES THAT BLASTED CITIES INTO RUBBLE AND LEFT A CARNAGE
 OF THE DEAD AND DYING...

BUT IN EARLY HOUR DAWN AROUND BODIES ON THE TRAIL OF THE BLACKHAWKS!
 FOR DAWN WITH HIS HE SQUAD SQUADRON HAVE BODIES TO PURSUE THE
 BLACKHAWKS INTO DEATH!!

DAWN ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND... and through the dense fog comes the steady drone of airplane motors...



Recklessly, BLACKHAWK plunges into an Inferno of heat and flame!





JAPS... WILL BOMB!... TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION!... YOU... MUST STOP!



HE'S DEAD! HE CAME TO TELL US SOMETHING! BUT THE JAPS GOT HIM BEFORE HE COULD!



I DON'T THINK SO! I SAW THE MARKINGS OF THE PLANE THAT SHOT HIM DOWN!

IT WAS AN ORDINARY JAP PURSUIT PLANE!



THE PLANE CARRIED A DEATH'S HEAD INSIGNIA! THAT MEANS THE PILOT WAS... CAPTAIN HITSU! WHATEVER THE SECRET THAT MAN TRIED TO TELL US, IT WAS IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR THE JAPS TO SEND THEIR GREATEST ACE TO STOP US FROM HEARING IT!



Meanwhile, in a private chamber of the Emperor's palace in Tokyo...

GENTLEMEN! CAPTAIN HITSU WILL SPEAK TO YOU IN A MOMENT!



YOU MEN ARE LOYAL SERVANTS OF OUR DIVINE EMPEROR! HE HAS CHOSEN YOU FOR AN IMPORTANT TASK!

WE OFFER HIM OUR LIVES! WE ARE DUST BENEATH HIS FEET!



I LATELY RETURNED FROM A MISSION - IN WHICH I DESTROYED ONE WHO WOULD HAVE BETRAYED OUR PLAN FOR BOMBING AMERICA! BUT THERE REMAINS A CHANCE THAT HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE THE BLACKHAWKS SOME INSIGHT OF OUR PLANS! THEREFORE - THE BLACK-HAWKS MUST DIE!



CAPTAIN HITSU, THIS IS NOT EASILY DONE! THE BLACKHAWKS ARE NOT ORDINARY MEN! THEY ARE DEVILS WHO LAUGH AT DEATH!

SO WE MUST BE EQUALLY UNAFRAID!

WE WILL BE A
SUICIDE SQUADRON!
OUR LIVES WILL BE DEDICATED
TO THE EMPEROR... AND WE
WILL DRIVE THE BLACKHAWKS
FROM THE SKIES!



On BLACKHAWK'S Pacific Island
a tense drama is enacted by
two grim-faced friends!

THIS MORNING, YOU DIDN'T
SEE THE PLANES, STANISLAUS!
YOU DIDN'T SEE THE
INSIGNIA ON
HITSU'S PLANE!



I'VE KNOWN FOR
SOMETIME, AND THE TESTS
PROVE IT! YOUR EYESIGHT'S
BEEN GETTING WORSE! IT'S
DANGEROUS TO LET YOU
FLY A PLANE!

I—
I
MUST
FLY!



YOU CAN'T
GROUND
ME!

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING
ELSE! YOU'D BE RISKING
MORE THAN YOUR OWN
LIFE! YOU'D ENDANGER
THE LIFE OF EVERY
MAN WHO FLEW
AT YOUR SIDE!



YURP! YIMINY!
THE YAPS
ARE BOMBING
THE NAVAL
BASE AT
PARENTO!

WHAT!



HOW'D THEY EVER
GET THROUGH THE
FIGHTER SCREENS!
PARENTO'S THE BEST
GUARDED BASE IN
THE PACIFIC!

WE FIND OUT
SOON ENOUGH,
BY GAW!



Moments later, the BLACKHAWKS'
planes roll down toward a
take-off, and their challenging
war cry splits the air!







I'LL SHOW THEM! — THEY WON'T ESCAPE WITHOUT A FIGHT!! —



BLACKHAWK!
I TRIED!...
HAWKAAAAA!



Later — THE BLACKHAWKS RETURNED TO THEIR ISLAND —

QUEER!... WE NEVER SAW ANY SIGN OF THE BOMBERS THAT ATTACKED THE NAVAL BARR!



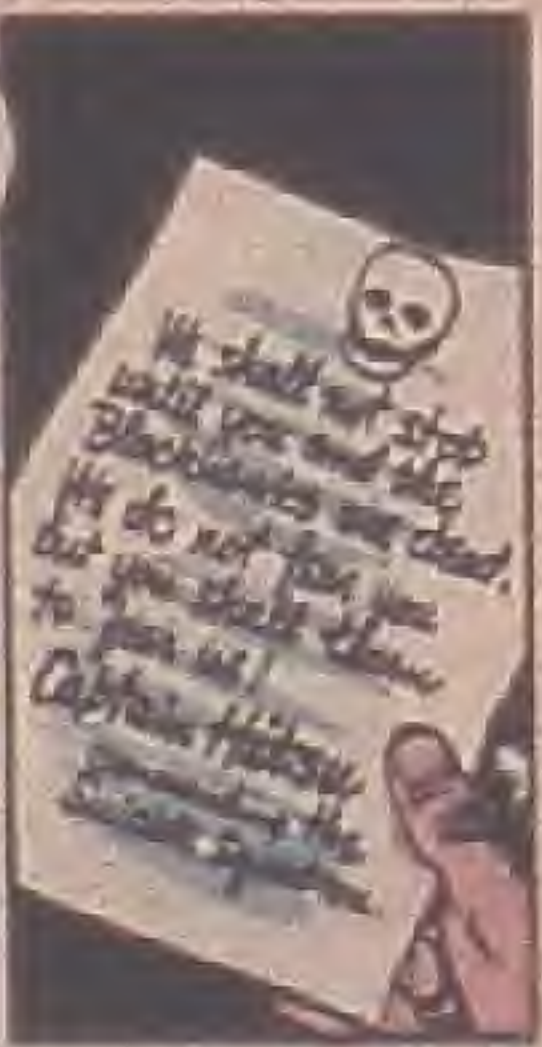
THOSE JAPS LIT OUT AWFULLY FAST! I SAW THE EXPLOSION AS WE APPROACHED PARENTO — BUT THERE WERE NO PLANES IN SIGHT WHEN WE ARRIVED!



BLACKHAWK!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! TAKE A LOOK AT THE ISLAND!



RUINS! THE JAPS CAME WHILE WE WERE GONE! THERE'S NOT A BUILDING LEFT INTACT!



On Blackhawk Island...

SHAKE A LEG!
ENEMY PLANE
REPORTED HEADING
TOWARD THE WEST
COAST! MIGHT
BE A HEAVY
BOMBER!



LET ME GO! I'D
LIKE TO FLY WITH THE
OTHERS ONE LAST
TIME!

I...
OH, ALL
RIGHT!
COME
ALONG!



Over land, over sea, we
fight to make men free
of danger we don't care
We're BLACKHAWKS!



KEEP A SHARP
LOOKOUT! WE
SHOULD SIGHT
THAT ENEMY
BOMBER
ANY MINUTE!

IT ISN'T A
BOMBER!
~~BOMBER~~

A
ZEPPELIN!







IF THEY
SPOT ME,
IT'S GOING
TO BE A LONG
TRIP
DOWN!



DON'T LOOK
SO SURPRISED,
NIPPY!



I JUST
DROPPED IN
FROM ANOTHER
PLANET!



WE SHOULD
REACH OBJECTIVE
WITHIN ONE
HOUR!

THE AMERICAN WILL
NEVER KNOW THAT
THE BOMBS THAT
DESTROY THEIR CITY
CAME FROM AN ALTITUDE
BEYOND THE REACH OF
THEIR FIGHTER PLANES!
THE TEST BOMBING AT
PARENTO PROVED WE
ARE SAFE FROM
PURSUIT!



HOW DO YOU
SAY "REACH FOR
THE CEILING!"
IN JAPANESE?



YOU GET THE GENERAL
IDEA! NOW, TAKE THIS SAUSAGE
DOWNSTAIRS! I KNOW A COUPLE
OF BOYS WHO'RE WAITING
TO RUN IT THROUGH A
MEAT-CHOPPER!



Down through
the thick layers
of cloud noses
the big
Zeppelin!



In the cockpit, Stanislaus grips the stick with a firm hand as he begins to dive!

THAT ZEPPELIN
MAKES A TARGET
THAT EVEN A
BLIND MAN LIKE
MYSELF CAN'T
MISS!

A hail of fire
riddles the
diving plane!

I - I'M HIT!
BUT... I CAN
TAKE THAT
BAG OF WIND
WITH ME!

WE ARE LOST!
THAT MADMAN
HAS DESTROYED
US!

THAT'S THE
ONLY PARACHUTE!

IT'S MINE!
YOU CAN'T TAKE
IT FROM ME!

ONLY ONE
OF US CAN
LEAVE HERE
ALIVE!

IT WILL
NOT BE
YOU!

OBVIOUS OF the
two men who
struggle for life,
a flaming monster
plunges earthward!

At last a lone figure leaps
for safety. The grim
fight for survival has ended!

And BLACKHAWK
is the victor!

BUT HE WAS A MITE
TOO SELF-CONFIDENT!
HE STARTED COUNTING
ME OUT - WHEN I
HADN'T EVEN BEGUN
TO FIGHT!

INSTEAD
OF HIM,
I MIGHT
HAVE BEEN
IN THAT
FLAMING
COFFIN!



"AFTER HIS HEROIC DEEDS,
THE DARING AVIATOR WAS MET
BY A MULTITUDE OF ADMIRING
FRIENDS!" ... LOOKS AS IF
I'VE LANDED RIGHT IN
THE MIDDLE OF
NOWHERE!



SAY! THEY TELL
ME THIRSTY MEN SEE
MIRAGES OF WATER!
IT MUST BE
TRUE---



BECAUSE I'M HUNCHED
FOR THE SOUND OF A PLANE
-- AND I HEAR MOTORS
WARMING UP!



AN AIRDROME!
NOW I KNOW
IT'S A MIRAGE!



WE FORCED THE
BLACKHAWKS TO RUN!
AS SOON AS WE REFUEL,
WE GO AFTER THEM
AGAIN!

WE LOST
THREE PLANES.
CAPTAIN
HITOU!



WE SHALL
LOSE MANY MORE!
BUT HE SHALL NEVER
STOP UNTIL HE HAVE
RID THE WORLD OF
THE BLACKHAWKS!



AIEEEEE!
BLACKHAWK!!



SO SORRY!
I'VE GOT TO
BORROW THIS
HEAD!

SHOOT
HIM DOWN!
OH--BWA!



DEATH

by
JACK
COLE

PATROL

THAT GANG OF
ADVENTURERS IN
THE JAIL-BIRD
STRIPES IS BACK
AGAIN FOR ANOTHER
SLAP AT THEIR
FAVORITE TARGET:
THE NIPS!

HERE'S
NOTHING
LIKE
STARTING
THE STORY
OFF WITH
A BANG!



WELL, THERE
GOES ANOTHER
JAP HUNTING
PLANT OUT OF
BUSINESS!



BOY, I'D GIVE
FIFTY BUCKS
TO SEE THE
EXPRESSION
ON TOJO'S
FACE RIGHT
NOW!

MAKE IT A
HUNDRED AND I'LL
GIVE YOU AN
IMITATION OF
MICKEY MOUSE!



SLAP!







THE SNIPER

HERE THE ENEMY LEAST EXPECTS HIM...
THERE'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND
THE SNIPER!!

THE HUNKS OF THE HUNDO
MEET HIM AND REMEMBER
THE EMOTION THEY
WERE FORBIDDEN
TO FEEL...

FEAR



ANOTHER VICTORY OF UNITED STATES MARINES
IS ANNOUNCED... AND THE SURVIVORS OF THE
FORCE THAT FACED THEM ARE MUSTERED
BEHIND JAPANESE LINES...

BUT THEY FOUGHT
TOO WELL! WE
HAD TO RETREAT!

SILENCE!
NO
EXCUSES!



BY RUNNING FROM THE
MARINES YOU DISGRACED
JAPAN! GO FROM US!
MARCH INTO THE JUNGLE
— AND DON'T COME
BACK!



THIS MEANS WE
ARE DOOMED!
HORRIBLE SUE!

NOT
GUILTY
SERGEANT!
WE ARE
MEETING FOR
NEW CHARGES
THAT MAY VARY
US PARDON!











RETREAT ALONG THE
RIVINE! IT IS GROWING
DARK—WE CAN HIDE!



RIGHT AND THE SHATTERED
REMNANT OF THE JAPANESE
UNIT STOPS ITS FLIGHT!

I HAVE POSTED
SENTRIES
HONORABLE SIR!

GOOD CORPORAL!
VISIT ALL
POSTS—TELL
THEM TO
WATCH WELL!



HAVE YOU SEEN
ANYTHING? WHY
DON'T YOU ANSWER?



HE HAS BEEN
KILLED!

OF COURSE! HE
DIED EASILY IN
THE DARK!



YOU...
THE
SNIPER!

WHO DID YOU
EXPECT, PRIVATE
DOGTAG?



THEY'RE
ATTACKING
IN THE
NIGHT!



WHAT
HAPPENED
?

THE
SNIPER
AGGGHH!



SHOT DEAD IN THE DARK—
THE SNIPER IS A DEADLY
RIFLEMAN—EVEN A SOUND
IS TARGET ENOUGH!







THE OTHERS DIED BY LEAD... YOU DIE BY STEEL!



ONE STILL LIVES!

SO I SEE! GET UP, YOU!



YOU'LL KILL ME, TOO?

NO! GO BACK TO THE MAIN JAPANESE FORCE... AND TAKE THAT HEAD WITH YOU!



STEEL... THE SOLE SURVIVOR RETURNS AND IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE COMMANDER.

HONORABLE SIR, THE SNIPER KILLED ALL BUT ME... HEY, HE WENT WITH THIS MESSAGE TO SHOW YOU.

IN THAT SACK? OPEN IT?



IT IS THE HEAD OF OUR OFFICER!

THAT FACE! THAT FACE OF FEAR!



TAKE IT AWAY! I CANNOT LOOK AT IT!



YOU CAN SEE THEIR GENERAL? WILL YOU SHOOT HIM?

NO! LET HIM LIVE... AND TELL THE OTHERS THE MEANING OF THE TERROR THEY MUST FACE!

FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE SNIPER IN HIS FIGHT FOR BRITAIN AGAINST THE JAPANESE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MILITARY COMICS!

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



PRIVATE

PRIVATE
LAST TUNE

DOGTAG

THE WORLD'S DEAREST SOLDIER!

QUIET, PLEASE!
I'M GONNA KEEP
TRYING THIS TRICK
UNTIL I MAKE
IT WORK!

YOW!
OWCH!
OW!

ALL HIS LIFE,
PRIVATE DOGTAG HAS
DREAMED A SECRET
WISHING — TO BE A
MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT!
...THEN CAME
OPPORTUNITY
KNOCKING... IN THE FORM
OF A U.S.O. CAMP
SHOW STARRING
MIGHTY MYSTO,
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
MAGICIAN! ...

MYSTO THOUGHT HE
COULD RUN HIS SHOW
WITHOUT PRIVATE
DOGTAG'S VALUABLE
ASSISTANCE — WHICH
TURNED OUT TO BE A
MISTAKE!

BUT THEN, HOW COULD
MYSTO KNOW THAT
DOGTAG IS NO ORDINARY
MAGICIAN HIMSELF —
WHEN IT COMES
TO MAKING REAL
MILITARY
EQUIPMENT AND
IMPORTANT
PERSONAGES
VANISH IN A MOST
BEWILDERING
MANNER ???

THREE O'CLOCK! —
GENERAL THE BYE IS LATE
FOR HIS INSPECTION
OF THE CAMP!

I HOPE NOTHING'S
HAPPENED! HIS CAMP'S
GREATEST MILITARY LEADER
AND THIS IS HIS FIRST
VISIT TO AMERICA!

HOW COULD
ANYTHING
HAPPEN WHEN
A STERLING
HERO LIKE
PRIVATE
DOGTAG
GUARDS
THE MAIN
ENTRANCE
TO CAMP?

GOSH! MYSTO THE MAGICIAN!
I'M NOT SMART ENOUGH TO BE
A GREAT MAGICIAN — BUT I
WISH I COULD BECOME A
MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT!

ON ALL THE NEW TRICKS
MYSTO THE MAGICIAN
HAS A GREAT SHOW
OF MAGIC!





...AND ANOTHER THING, YOU MISBACIC CROSS BETWEEN A MORDON AND A LOW-GRADE IDIOT — YOU FULL-WIT — YOU LAME-BRAIN — YOU —

SCULP? Y-YES, SIR!



JUST FOR THAT, YOU'LL SPEND THE AFTERNOON LEARNING TO PACK AND UNPACK THE NEW ARMY SUBSISTENCE KIT!



AND REMEMBER — THE CONTENTS OF THAT PACK ARE A MILITARY SECRET! — SO DON'T LET IT OUT OF YOUR SIGHT FOR A SECOND!

YES, SIR! — I MEAN NO, SIR!



I'M ALWAYS MAKING MISTAKES! IF I DIDN'T KNOW MYSELF BETTER, I'D THINK I WAS JUST PLAIN DUMB!



MEANWHILE AT THE STUDIO OF MIGHTY MYSTO, THE MAGICAL...

THERE, MY DEAR KAREN — WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG U.S.O. SHOW TONIGHT!

BUT WHY THE ARMY PACK?



THAT'S MY BIG SURPRISE! ALL MY BIG MAGIC EFFECTS ARE PACKED IN THIS KIT! I'LL COME ON, DRESSED LIKE A SOLDIER...

AND PULL ALL YOUR TRICKS OUT OF YOUR PACK! — THAT'S A SLENDOR IDEA!



YOU'LL BE UNDER THE TRAP DOOR OF THE STAGE! AS A GRAND FINALE, I PULL YOU OUT OF MY PACK — UP THROUGH THIS HIDDEN FLAP!

THAT'S GOOD! YOU'LL WON THE SOLDIERS WITH THAT ROUTINE!









SOME KIDDERS, YOU TWO! HA-HA! SURE, I'LL GO ALONG! DONT THE SARGE SAY TO TREAT VISITING CHINESE WITH RESPECT?

GOSH... YOU GUYS THINK OF EVERYTHING! EVEN A JAP FLAG! HA-HA!

NOW, YOU SHOW US CONTENTS OF HONORABLE PACK -- OR HONORABLE ELSE!

SURE... I GUESS IT'S OKAY...

YIP-HOO! BE CAREFUL! HONORABLE APPLE-BOMBS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLOW UP WHOLE CITY AT A JAP!

SARGE SAID NOT TO LET THIS OUTA MY EIGHT! BUT HE DIDNT SAY NOT TO SHOW IT TO OUR FIGHTING ALLIES!

GET BRUSH AND PAPER, SHIGO! READY TO MAKE HONORABLE LIST OF CONTAININGS!

WHAT?? HOWD THEY GET IN THERE?

OH, INGENUOUSNESS! WRITE HASTY, SHIGO!

I WRITE!

SULP! WHATS THAT FOR? I D-DONT REMEMBER!

WHAT DELIGHTFUL! CARRIER FISH FOR SUBMARINE MESSAGES! AMERICANS THINK OF EVERYTHING!



MYSTO HAS DISAPPEARED... BUT YOU'LL SEE HIM AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MILITARY COMICS!

SALT FOR THE NEW GOD

THE huts dotted the small clearing like so many gopher mounds. It was a small village, but its inhabitants were savage head hunters.

The Chief was O-mahi, who knew much big medicine. He could make the giant anaconda snake dance to his weird music, and lizards flick their tongues whenever he rattled his pebble-filled gourds.

O-mahi was a power in his tribe. They feared him and revered him. Best of all, they obeyed him.

O-mahi was a great leader, but seldom did his tribe make war on other tribes in the great Amazon Basin. O-mahi had other ways to bend the tribes to his will. Strategy, that's what O-mahi practiced.

The other tribes of the valley had to come to O-mahi because he owned the only salt lick in the valley. In fact, O-mahi owned a whole bare ledge of salt. The tribesmen, liked their salt, and so they paid well for the privilege of obtaining monthly handouts of the precious white stuff.

O-mahi kept a constant guard posted around his salty treasure. Day and night hidden natives with poison-dart-loaded blowguns kept vigil. There had been several attempts to wrest O-mahi's salt away from him by other tribes, but always they had been thwarted.

O-mahi had acquired a vast quantity of gold and even a sack or two of diamonds in exchange for his salt. These valuable things he kept buried

in a pen where a half dozen lethal snakes held sway. Nobody had the temerity to enter that pen except O-mahi, who had a way with reptiles.

Just what he was going to do with his gold and gems he did not quite know. Except that he had heard that white men prized such things above all else. So he bided his time and waited for a white man to come along.

A white man came along. It was Notch O'Hara, a blistering, two-fisted Irishman who was out for no good. In fact, Notch was an escaped murderer who had served five years on Devil's Island. Notch had killed a guard and fled the prison, roaming the jungles of Brazil for five months after getting away from the swamp near Cayenne. He had heard vaguely about old O-mahi and his gold. And he had heard about how the other tribes had to pay O-mahi for their meager quotas of salt.

Notch had a plan brewing in his crafty brain. He had heard tales about white men setting themselves up as gods among native tribes. The idea struck him as a good one.

Notch O'Hara wanted to be a god. He meant to be big, too!

The big Irishman plodded through the dense jungle, the stolen rifle slung under one arm, the stolen pistol sticking in his belt. Notch felt elated. Everything was new. Soon he would be in the big valley where the tribes traded with wily old O-mahi.

Notch reached the northern entrance of the valley toward evening. The sun stretched a green-gold carpet down across the sloping vastness, shutting out all other signs of life. But down there, under that impenetrable greenness, life stirred—savage, deadly life!

Notch hitched his belt up a bit and lighted his black old briar.

"One side, Indians, here I come!"

He swung off down the tangled trail, making his way carefully, dreaming and planning all the while. He was going down there to be a god!

Notch made camp half way down the valley that night and dreamed of his forthcoming status as a deity—with much gold.

At dawn he was up and gone on his way. He had seen no natives as yet, but "sign" was plentiful. Once he saw a skeleton lying in the bushes. He shivered. Some poor devil who had stopped a dart.

They materialized suddenly out of the jungle all around him—a hundred or more little evil-looking men of Sipan. They were painted warily, and each held a blowgun ready. One of them—he was very fat and his face was painted a solid black—held up his right hand.

"Senor," he said in Spanish, "what do you want in the country of the Whitefoot?"

Notch answered, in Spanish, "I'm Notch O'Hara, and I come in friendship. I come

from a distant land—up there." He pointed straight upward.

The Indians looked up, muttering. The chief said, "I am a great medicine man."

"I too am a great medicine man," Notch replied. He pulled a small paper packet from his pocket and flicked his cigar lighter under his cupped hand. He hurled the paper a few feet in front of the chief. Instantly a blinding plume of red fire enveloped everything.

There was a momentary silence, then the Indians burst into screams and went crashing off through the jungle. Only the chief remained. He had fallen on his knees. Now, with the flame gone, he looked as if he had been hit squarely between the eyes. He sputtered, rubbed his staring eyes, and stood up abruptly.

"Dial!" he exclaimed. "You are a god!"

"I am," said Notch. "I can produce much more great medicine. I can kill you where you stand, and all your tribe, or I can bring peace and many blessings to you all."

"Come, O Great One," cried the chief. "Come to my humble village where we shall feast."

Notch felt good as he strided along beside the short, fat chief. It had worked. He was a god! Now he would start playing his cards to the limit.

It took Notch only a day to get himself "in" well with the tribe. Then he offered his plan to the chief, who was named Moku. His plan was to obtain all of old O-mahi's salt. He drew a small packet from his pocket and showed it to the chief.

"With this," he said, "I shall

kill all of O-mahi's people. Then we shall take all of their salt."

Notch waited two nights—till it rained. There would be no guards at the salt ledge on a stormy night.

Arrived at the ledge, he very carefully set his trap and departed.

It was three nights later that one of Moku's runners reported that half of O-mahi's people were dead and many others dying.

So Moku led a small force to the ledge the next day and, while they broke off great chunks to stow in hammocks and hampers, Notch stalked to the village of O-mahi. Everyone there was dead. It was a terrible sight, but it hardly touched the cruel hearted Notch.

Notch ransacked the huts thoroughly, finding nothing of value. Then he saw the pit of snakes.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "That's it. Them snakes are guardin' the old boy's gold cache!"

Notch very methodically shot the reptiles and then began digging in the middle of the arena. It did not take him long to find the gold—a dozen or more heavy leather sacks of it, and two crammed full of rough, uncut diamonds.

Notch buried his wealth in another place outside O-mahi's dead village and went back to Moku's clearing. The tribe was having a great party in celebration of feeding the salt. Now Moku owned it, and the other tribes would have to pay him for their share.

Chief Moku penetrated himself in front of Notch.

"O Great One," he cried, "our lives are yours for send-

ing this joy to us!"

"Okay, big shot," said Notch in English. "I can guess you're right there, but I won't be needin' nothin' from you guys, so I'll trot on in a little while."

He gave a demonstration of his "magic" that evening by way of a personal send-off. He had brought several papers of colored 4th of July "fire" with him, some firecrackers and rockets. It was a great show for the tribesmen and they screamed their delight.

Moku was dazzled. He was also drunk on the strong native beer. Everyone there was tipsy. Notch felt a shot or two might help.

Moku held out a heavy solid gold goblet which had belonged to the late O-mahi. It was filled with stale beer. Notch took it and drained it. The stuff tasted salty, but then the natives put plenty of salt in everything, as a sort of tribute to their gods.

Notch then left for his secret cache, after a brief leave-taking from Moku and the tribe. He told them that he would be back soon.

But Notch had called the wrong name. It was a long time afterward that another tribe found what remained of Notch O'Hara. He was lying sprawled across the half-opened hole in which he had buried his plunder. He was not a nice sight. He was dead. Nobody will ever know it, but Notch really killed himself when he sent all those others to their death, including Moku and his people. Moku had put salt in Notch's beer, as he had all the other cups of beer. And that salt had been poisoned with arsenic by Notch himself.

NAVY

STORIES OF BRITISH
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2.

PT BOAT

Neither OF THE TWO MEN HAD MUCH
IN COMMON WITH THE REST OF THE CREW!
ONE WAS A FORMER NAVAL OFFICER, IN
DISGRACE — AND THE OTHER HAD ALL THE
PRESTIGE AND TRADITION OF A FINE FAMILY
TO UPHOLD!

THEY WERE ASSIGNED TO THE PT BOATS
TO FIGHT BESIDE FAMED PAUL HARVEY
AND PERRY TOWNS! THEIR DIFFICULT AND
DANGEROUS JOB CALLED FORTH EXTREMES
OF COURAGE AND DEVOTION — AND EVEN
COWARDICE — THAT NOBODY COULD
HAVE FORESEEN!

Paul
HarveyPerry
Towns



YOU'LL BE ASSIGNED
TO ATE SQUADRON SIX!
THAT'S ALL, MATTHEW!

YES,
SIR!



ONE THING MORE!
NO ONE KNOWS THAT
YOU'RE A FORMER NAVAL
OFFICER! BUT SOME
OF THE MEN MAY
KNOW YOUR
RECORD!

I DIDN'T
EXPECT IT
TO BE EASY,
SIR!



ENSIGN PLATT
REPORTING
FOR DUTY,
SIR!

WE CAN SKIP
THE FORMALITIES.
SON! YOU'RE AN
ENSIGN UNDER MY
COMMAND - BUT
I'M ALSO YOUR
FATHER!

OKAY, DAD!
SAY, DON'T
I KNOW
THAT FELLOW
WHO JUST
LEFT? HIS
FACE LOOKS
FAMILIAR!

NEVER MIND
THAT, NOW!
YOU'RE
SCHEDULED
FOR A PATROL
CRUISE WITH
TOBIAS AND
HARVEY!



AND YOU'LL
COMMAND YOUR
OWN BOAT!

I'M
READY TO
GO!



YOU'LL PATROL THIS AREA!
LOOK OUT FOR A JAP SUB
WHICH HAS BEEN WORKING
HAVOC AMONG OUR SHIPS!
HE'S TRICKY, AND HE HAS
A HIDE OUT THAT OUR
MEN CAN'T LOCATE!

WE'LL
FIND
HIM!

THE FASTEST SHIPS ON THE SEA SET OUT ON THEIR MISSION.



WE'RE MORE INTERESTED IN LOCATING THE HIDE-OUT THAN SINKING THE SUB! IF YOU SPOT THE SUB, TRY TO FOLLOW HIM WHEREVER HE'S HEADED! ONCE WE KNOW HIS POSITION, IT WILL BE EASY TO PUT HIM OUT OF ACTION!



IN THE FIRST TORPEDO BOAT ARE VETERANS PAUL HARVEY AND PERRY TOBIAS.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ENSIGN PLATT? HE LOOKS A LITTLE WET BEHIND THE EARS!

IF HE'S ANYTHING LIKE HIS FATHER, HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!



IN THE SECOND BOAT ARE ENSIGN PLATT AND PETTY OFFICER MATTSON.

I'VE CHECKED THE TORPEDOS, SIR!



SAY—I REMEMBER YOU NOW! YOU'RE JOHN MATTSON! THE MAN WHO—

ANYTHING ELSE, SIR!



THE NAVY MUST BE CRAZY TO LET MEN LIKE YOU GET BACK IN ACTION!—RETURN TO YOUR STATION!



WE'LL SEPARATE HERE! THAT WILL GIVE US A BETTER CHANCE TO LOCATE THE SUB!





SAV! -
DID YOU
NOTICE WHO'S
TIDING WITH
ENSIGN
PLATT?

YOU MEAN
JOHN
HATTSON?



SURE! HE HAD
A COMMANDER'S GRADE
HIMSELF, UNTIL HE
DISOBEYED ORDERS
DURING THE BATTLE
OF THE SKOWDA SEA!
HE ATTACKED TWO
JAP CRUISERS WITH
A DESTROYER - AND
LOST HIS SHIP!

MOST OF
HIS CREW
TOO!



THE NAVY
BACKE HIM!
HE DESERVES
CREDIT FOR
STARTING AT
THE BOTTOM
OF THE
LADDER
AGAIN!

PAUL!
LOOK
OVER
THERE!



THAT JAP SUB'S
ON THE PRONE! AND
HE CAN'T BE FAR FROM
HERE! THIS SHIP WAS
TORPEDOED IN THE
PAST HOUR!

NO TRACE
OF ANY
SURVIVORS!



MEANWHILE, ABOARD
ENSIGN PLATT'S TORPEDO
BOAT, AN ENEMY
PERISCOPE IS SIGHTED!

READY, DEPTH
CHARGES! WE'RE
GOING TO
ATTACK!



OUR ORDERS
ARE TO
FOLLOW
THE SUB,
SIR!

I WON'T
PASS UP
A CHANCE
LIKE
THIS!



THERE GOES THE
LAST CHARGE! WE'LL
BLOW THAT SUB TO
THE SURFACE!



NOT A SIGN
OF THE SUB!
AND NO SURFACE
OIL!

WE MISSED
HER, BUT
WE'LL PICK
UP THE TRAIL
AGAIN!

THE TWO PT BOATS SEPARATE! ...
THEN, AFTER AN HOUR'S PATROL....

MIGHT AS WELL
TURN BACK! - I
HAYENT SEEN ANYTHING
BUT THAT OLD SAILING
SHIP!



SOMETHING
SUSPICIOUS ABOUT
THAT SHIP, SIR!
THE CREW LOOKS
LIKE JAPANESE
TO ME!



THE JAPS
WOULDN'T
COME OUT
IN
SCHOONERS,
MATTSON!
GO BACK TO
YOUR POST!

BY GEORGE!
THEY HAVE
A SMALL
GUN ON
DECK!

YOU
HEARD
MY ORDERS!
WE'RE
TURNING
BACK!



WE'D
BETTER
INVESTIGATE!

I'M IN COMMAND,
MATTSON! I
SAY WE'RE GOING
BACK! - NO
MURDERER IS
GOING TO TELL
ME WHAT
TO DO!



YOU YOUNG
FOOL! YOU
ASKED FOR
THIS!



PULL UP
ALONGSIDE
THE
SCHOONER!

YOU STRUCK YOUR
SUPERIOR OFFICER!
YOU'LL BE
COURT-MARTIALED
FOR THIS,
MATTSON!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE INNOCENT LOOKING
SCHOONER OPENS FIRE!

JAPS!
- I KNEW
IT!!





PAUL!
DID YOU
HEAR
THAT?

SOUNDED
LIKE
SHELLFIRE!



LET'S
GO!



IT'S PLATT! HE'S
PLAYING TAG WITH
A SCHOONER!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW!!
THEY'RE MECHANIZED! START
FEEDING 'EM A SPECIAL
LEAD DIET!



THEY'VE GOT
INDIGESTION
ALREADY!



WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES
ABOVE THE SURFACE...

UNFIX SUPPORTS!
WE MUST LEAVE
BEFORE WE ARE
DISCOVERED!



IS DONE!...
OPEN PRESSURE
CHAMBER FOR
RETURN!



LOOK!

A PERISCOPE!
THAT JAP
SUB IS
BACK
AGAIN!

SHE WAS
LOOKING
BENEATH
THE
SCHOONER!

WE HAVEN'T
ANY DEPTH
CHARGES!
WE'LL ATTACK
WITH MACHINE-
GUNS! THOSE
FIFTY-CALIBRE
SLUGS CAN
PIERCE
ARMOR!

YOU'RE
CRAZY!



WE HAVEN'T
A CHANCE!
THAT SUB
WILL BLOW
US OUT OF
THE WATER!

GIVE ME
THAT
WHEEL!



!!
SINK YANKEE
DEVIL
BOAT!



THEY'LL
KILL US!
TURN
BACK!

JUMP FOR
IT! WE'RE
FINISHED!
BUT I'M
TAKING THAT
JAP TO
BLAZES
WITH US!



AS THE PT BOAT CLOSES IN, A
HAIL OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE RAKES
HER FROM STEM TO STERN!

WAIT! — THOSE —
TORPEDOES
HIT — HOME —







MOMENTS LATER, THE JAP SHIP ROCKS BENEATH THE FATAL EXPLOSIONS!



THEY'D NEED A LOT OF GLUE TO PUT THAT SHIP TOGETHER AGAIN!

OUR JOB'S FINISHED! WE'LL REPORT BACK TO THE BASE!



BACK IN THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE...

THEN HE RAMMED THE SUB, SIR! THE TORPEDOES EXPLODED AND SENT THE JAP TO THE BOTTOM!

MY SON!



HE DIED A HERO? I COULDN'T ASK FOR MORE THAN THAT! IT WILL BE SOMETHING TO TREASURE... NOW THAT HE IS GONE!



THE COMMANDER TOOK IT PRETTY HARD!

HE'LL COME THROUGH! HE'S A FIGHTING MAN, PERRY!



PAUL... THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW! I SAW THAT BOAT JUST BEFORE IT RAMMED THE SUB!

SO DID I!

ENSIGN PLATT WASN'T AT THE WHEEL! IT WAS MATTSON!

THAT'S OUR SECRET, PERRY! MATTSON FOUND THE KIND OF DEATH HE WAS LOOKING FOR! HE'D PREFER IT THIS WAY!

WE NEED MEN LIKE THE COMMANDER! HE COULDN'T CARRY ON UNLESS HE BELIEVED IN HIS SON!

YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT YOU KNOW, PAUL, I'M PROUD TO BE IN THE SAME NAVY THAT MADE A MAN LIKE JOHN MATTSON!



ANOTHER ST BOAT STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MILITARY COMICS!

PACIFIC PATROL

RICHARD C. WOODMAN, ARM 2C

IN A UNITED STATES NAVY GRUMMAN AVENGER TORPEDO BOMBER ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A JAP CRUISER NEAR SANTA CRUZ, IS RADIO-NAVY-GUNNER DICK WOODMAN, ARM 2C OF EVERETT, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE LAST TIME I POURED
LEAD AT A CRUISER,
WAS AT
MIDWAY!

THAT WAS A GOOD JOB,
DICK! YOU DESERVED THE
AIR MEDAL THEY AWARDED
YOU!



THERE'S THE CRUISER!
AND SO'S THE WHOLE JAP
FLEET! WE'VE GOT TO GO IN
AND GET THAT SHIP! IT'S
UP TO YOU DICK TO KEEP
AWAY THE ENEMY FIGHTERS.
HERE WE GO!

AS THE DARING "T.B.T." SELECTS
ITS TARGET IT IS ATTACKED BY
DEADLY JAP ZEROS.

GET 'EM,
DICK!

WELL DONE,
WOODMAN! NOW
I CAN LAUNCH
OUR "FISH" AT
THE CRUISER!

WITH
THIS GUN
HOW CAN I
MISS?

IT'S OFF! AND
HEADED STRAIGHT
AMIDSHIPS!

YOU GOT IT!
LOOK AT THAT
CRUISER
BLOW UP!

YES, I GOT IT! BUT ONLY BECAUSE
YOU SHOT DOWN THOSE ZEROS WHEN
I WAS MAKING MY RUN ON THE
TARGET. THE NAVY NEEDS MORE
AIR CREWMEN LIKE YOU TO BLAST
THE NIPS OUT OF THE SKY!

WHAM!



This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau

"MURDEROUS MANNIE" DOWNS 12 JAP ZEROS

Lieutenant Harold "Murderous Mannie" Segal of New York City shot down two Japanese Zero fighters over Rabaul to bring his total to twelve and take the lead among the United States Marine pilots of the Wake Avenger squadron. This squadron is named for the airmen who defended Wake Island and has bagged fifty enemy planes in three weeks of combat. Lieutenant Segal is known as "Murderous Mannie" to his companions and his exploits have won him the Distinguished Flying Cross.

In one engagement, Lieutenant Segal and Captain Swett encountered forty Zeros and twenty-seven bombers. "Murderous Mannie" got three Zeros on this occasion but he, himself, was shot down and suffered a broken nose and the loss of two teeth. A destroyer picked him up the next day.



INTO THE JAP INFESTED SOUTH PACIFIC STEAMS AN AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER...



WO'NT BE LONG BEFORE WE GET A CHANCE TO BATTLE THE JAPS!

AND GET REVENGE FOR WHAT THEY DID TO THE MARINE MEN ON WAKE ISLAND AND CORREDOOR!

THAT'S AN IDEA FOR OUR SQUADRON NAME / LET'S CALL OURSELVES THE "WAKE AVENGERS"!



OKAY, YOU WAKE AVENGERS / GET READY FOR ACTION / I'M SENDING CAPTAIN SWETT AND LIEUTENANT SEGAL UP TO SCOUT FOR US... A LARGE FORMATION OF JAP BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS HAVE BEEN REPORTED HEADING THIS WAY!



GOOD LUCK, MANNY! / I HOPE YOU GET A FEW MORE FLUGS FOR ME TO PAINT ON THE FUSELAGE!

THANKS, BUDDY!



THRUSTING FOR BATTLE CAPTAIN SWETT AND LIEUTENANT SEGAL TAKE OFF FROM THE CARRIER'S FLIGHT DECK...





I HOPE MY LUCK STILL HOLDS!



THUNDERING OUT OF THE SKY TOWARDS THE YANK FLAT TOP STREAKS THE JAP FORMATION

IS TWO AMERICAN PLANES! THEY SCOUTS FOR CARRIER! WE NEAR TARGET! BANZAI!



SEGAL TO CARRIER... JAP PLANES SIGHTED... TWENTY-SEVEN BOMBERS... FORTY ZEROS... GOING IN...
ROGER!



GOOD HUNTING CAPTAIN!

SAVE A COUPLE FOR ME HANNIE!



I GOT THAT BOMBER. HE'S A DEAD DUNK!



TWO MORE! THIS MAKES THREE!

-AAGH!



BUT FROM OUT
OF THE SKY
BOOMS A
DARK ZERO.

YENGEE PLANE NOW
IN MY SIGHTS!

-ULP!



HE GOT ME! MY PLANE'S
HIT AND THE ENGINE'S SMOKING
BUT I'M NOT GOING TO SPILL
OUT FOR THAT DICK KID TO
PERFORATE ME ON THE WAY
DOWN! I'LL CRASH LAND
ON THE WATER!



HE MADE IT!
I'LL RADIO HIS POSITION
SO HE CAN BE RESCUED
LATER!

THAT WASN'T SO BAD! BUT I GUESS I RUINED
MY NOSE AND I'M MISSING A COUPLE OF TEETH.
OH, BOY! HERE COMES THE REST OF THE BOYS
FROM THE CARRIER! I'M GOING TO HAVE A
RINGSIDE FISH-EYE'S VIEW OF THIS
BATTLE!



THEY'RE CHASING
THE JAPES AWAY! I WANTED
SIXTEEN HIPS SHOT
DOWN! THAT'S OUR
BIGGEST BAG SINCE
WE FORMED OUR
SQUADRON!

NEXT DAY A DESTROYER PICKS UP THE STRANDED BIRDHALL.

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU GUYS! THANKS FOR THE LIFT!



LATER "MURDEROUS MANNIE" SEGAL REJOINS THE "WAKE AVENGERS" AT BOUGAINVILLE.

WELCOME MANNIE! HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR NEW BASE?

JUST LIKE HOME! THEY'VE GOT PALM TREES JUST LIKE IN THE PARK CENTRAL LOBBY!



YOUR NOSE WILL BE OKAY, LIEUTENANT! BUT I CAN'T FIND YOUR TWO MISSING TEETH! THEY MUST BE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE PACIFIC!

I'VE GOT ENOUGH KINGS LEFT TO GNAW ON A STEAK, DOC! THANKS FOR FIXING MY BEAK!



ATTENTION, MARINES! THE JAPS HAVE BROUGHT IN MORE FIGHTERS TO DEFEND THEIR BASE AT RABAU! IT'S UP TO US TO GET EM, SO OUR BOMBERS CAN BLAST THE HARBOR DEFENSES!



RABAU, HERE WE COME! THE WAKE AVENGERS ARE OUT FOR REVENGE!



HAVE A BUTT, STAN! AND KEEP YOUR PAINT BRUSH WET FOR WHEN I GET BACK!

TWO MORE FLAGS AND YOU'LL HAVE AN EVEN DOZEN!





YENSEE FIGHTERS!
COME! THIS IS
CHALLENGE FOR US
TO FIGHT FOR
EMPEROR!
WE GO!



THERE THEY ARE, BOYS! THE JAPS
ARE COMING UP TO MEET US! THEIR
PLANES AND PILOTS ARE GOOD, BUT
WE'RE BETTER. GO GET 'EM!

LEAD BY MURDEROUS HANNY, THE MARINE
FLIERS ENGAGE THE JAPS IN A DOG-FIGHT
TO THE DEATH...



GOT
ONE!



PHEW! THAT'S THE
END OF ANOTHER ZERO!
HE MAKES TWO FOR ME
IN THIS BATTLE... HERE
COME THE BOMBERS
TO LAY THEIR EGGS!



SHY! THOSE
WAKE WENGERS
CLEANED OUT THE
WHOLE JAP FORCE!
IT'LL BE A CINCH TO
BOMB RABBIT THIS
TIME! OKAY,
BOMBARDIER,
TAKE OVER!



BOMBS
AWAY!



WHAM

CRASH



THAT'S THE END OF THE
JAP DEFENSES ON RABAU!
IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE
WE TAKE IT FOR OUR OWN
USE!

0000



LATER... THE BOYS ARE ALL BACK SAFE
AND MURDEROUS MANNIE
NOW HAS 12 ZEROS TO HIS CREDIT! HIS
SCORE IS THE
HIGHEST OF THE
WAKE
AVENGERS!



AND IT MAKES 50 PLANES IN ALL FOR OUR
SQUADRON IN THREE WEEKS OF COMBAT! NOT
BAD, NOT BAD! ATTENTION, MEN, HERE
COMES THE OLD MAN! WONDER
WHAT HE WANTS!

LIEUTENANT
SIGNAL!

YES,
SIR!

YOUR EXPLOITS IN THE
LINE OF DUTY AND YOUR
CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY
IN ACTION HAVE WON
YOU THE DISTINGUISHED
FLYING CROSS! CON-
GRATULATIONS, LIEUT-
ENANT MURDEROUS
MANNIE!

★ HERE'S NEWS! READ ALL ABOUT IT

THESE CAN BE YOURS

and
MONEY
too!



Look them over, fellows! Just a few of the many PRIZES that will guarantee you loads of fun the year round. Baseball, Football, Fishing and Camping Equipment. Model planes you can build and fly, sturdy pocket knives and even tires for your bike. Yes sir—plenty of pretty prizes for boys who believe in getting what they go after. Here's a golden opportunity for you to earn Prizes and Money too. It's fun. It's easy!

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17-121 (Rev. 1-15-40)

captain **TOOTSIE** AND THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY ROD REED AND C.C. BECK



KIDS, IT'S NEW-TOOTSIE V.M.

IT MAKES MILK TASTE LIKE CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLLS!

AND LOOK WHAT ITS VITAMINS GIVE YOU!

- A** THE NUTRITION VITAMIN
- B** THE APPETITE VITAMIN
- C** THE GROWTH VITAMIN
- D** THE STRENGTH VITAMIN

PLUS - JOY, THE 2ND BIGGEST ANIMAL, CACOA, PEPPERMINTS AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

GROW UP TO BE A BIG, TALL, HUSKY GUY LIKE ME!